



Lehigh BACHELOR



CAMELS

PRINCE ALBERT

Season's Greetings

Make your gift Camels. America's favorite cigarette is sure to please. The gay gift package below contains four boxes of the popular flat fifties. No other wrapping needed.

Another Camel way to say "Merry Christmas"—the famous Camel carton (10 packs of 20's). Hours of Camel's mild, flavorful smoking pleasure. All ready to give—with place for name.

You're proud to present pipe-smokers with this big one-pound tin of mild, rich-tasting Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. Magnificent in its Christmas jacket... just right in a pipe!

CAMELS

There's an added pleasure in giving Camels at Christmas. You *know* your gift will be so genuinely welcome. More smokers prefer Camels than any other cigarette. And that preference holds for men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard, too! So remember those lads in uniform... remember *all* the cigarette smokers on your list... with the cigarette of costlier tobaccos—*Camels*. Your choice of the package of four flat fifties or the popular Camel carton.

PRINCE ALBERT

If he smokes a pipe, a big, long-lasting pound of cool-burning Prince Albert spells smoking pleasure 'way into the New Year... at camp, on ship, at home. Prince Albert is choice tobacco, "no-bite" treated for mildness and "crimp cut." It's the National Joy Smoke. There's no other tobacco like it. Your local dealer has two handsome Prince Albert "specials"... the pound tin (*above*) or the special glass humidor jar. (The humidor itself makes a handsome gift!) Get yours today.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

GIFTS THAT ARE SURE TO PLEASE IN BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS WRAPPERS

●

HERE at Lehigh no attempt is made by the University to provide opportunities for the students to develop the all-important quality of leadership. We have many organizations and there are class elections of a sort, but these do not come anywhere near filling the bill. The quality of leadership within a person is characteristic which must be cultivated for the good of society. How can men of ability along these lines prove themselves here at school? Is it enough for a committee of faculty members and a few selected students to choose our leaders? No. When the day of elections comes to Lehigh our choice of leaders is indeed a laughable process.

When it comes to leadership, it is this writer's opinion that grades and activities do not completely determine this quality. Membership in all of the honorary scholastic groups in the school is no guarantee that the man in question can impress others with his personality and his thoughts. This same statement is true for athletes. A four letter man may have a great string of achievements after his name but is this any indication that the man will be able to prove himself a real leader? When we choose our leaders, athletic managements, Newtonian society, a 3.5 average, and sports participation should mean little. The true test of a leader is his ability to stand upon a soapbox and give a better impression than the other man. This does not mean that a student with a line of soft soap could win an election, for most students can differentiate the earnest men from the glory seekers. If we cannot, it is high time we learn how.

Politics--Why Not

Jack Doxsey, '44

● Article ●

On that day we wander up to Drown Hall and are presented with several mimeographed slips of paper announcing the candidates for class and other offices. This is the first time that we have even heard about the candidates and we are expected to choose our leaders from a description of the man's activities and possibly a picture of him. Why are we not even allowed to have a look at the various candidates before we vote for them? There is no chance to think about the problem. We merely go in between classes and in most cases vote for the man who has the most activities listed after his name. In the following issue of the Brown and White we learn who has been chosen for the various offices and the whole business is forgotten for a year until we again go through the same foolish process of selecting our leaders.

The defects in this system are appalling to the extent that they are almost an insult to our intelligence. In the first place, the whole method of nominations is basically wrong. Who should know more about the leaders of a class—a few men of another class or the members of the class itself? The answer to this question is obvious. Yet every year candidates for the student offices are chosen by a small committee of upperclassmen and faculty members. Isn't it just possible that, if given the opportunity by a petition system which I will mention later, the members of the class itself could choose the outstanding men with equal ease and probably a good deal more intelligence?

Perhaps the greatest fault in the present system of elections is in the actual voting. Why must we spend but a few minutes when we choose our officer? In almost any sort of election imaginable, the voters at least know the names of the various candidates beforehand and usually there is a period before the election when candidates are allowed the chance to present themselves and their ideas to the public. We students have no idea who we are going to vote for until the very time of election. There can be no logical explanation for such an idea. Why shouldn't we be allowed to at least know whom we are going to vote for? In our classes we are given much liberty and are expected to act as individuals. If we are trusted with that responsibility, why is it that we apparently are unable to carry the responsibility of knowing the names of the outstanding men in our class, even if they are not chosen by ourselves?

I presume that one of the reasons for the present system is that it will theoretically do away with campus politics of any sort. This is nonsense, pure and simple. Within any group of men there will be politics, despite the most rigid regulations. In our present manner of elections, there is politics, and much of it. Meetings were held last year at various houses as soon as the nominations were announced and a coalition was formed despite the fact that it was impossible in theory. Bargain-

LEHIGH
Bachelor

Vclume 2, Number 4 December, 1941

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THE LEHIGH BACHELOR is published nine times this year by an undergraduate group at Lehigh University. Exclusive reprint privileges granted all recognized college magazines. Subscription for nine issues, one dollar. Single issue, 15 cents,

BEER
and
SKITTLES

Apropos

Back Way Out, appearing in this issue, is the writer's first attempt at short story writing. The original draft was being corrected by the editors on Sunday, December 7th, when up spoke one of the editors: "I like the setting and the style of the story, but that part about Japan being at war with the United States—*that's too highly improbable.*" Just then the radio blurted out the surprising news of which we are now all aware.

Hunting Trip

One of Lehigh's smoothest senior ROTC looeys took himself up onto the Blue Mountain near Pottsville recently to have a crack at this deer hunting hysteria which prevails in Pennsylvania during the early days of December. At 2 p. m. the looey and a companion were stealthily stalking up the slippery slopes of the sleet soaked mountain. At 5 p. m., the companion only had returned to the hunting lodge. At 6 p. m., the companion only had returned. At 6:30 p. m., the companion decided his hunting partner must have become temporarily confused as to his directions. At 7 p. m., the organization of a searching was begun. At 7:30 p. m., just as the searching party was about to start up the mountain, a bedraggled figure lurched out of the fog and darkness and cried: "Gimme a beer." It was the looey. Revived by the exhilarating effects of the desired beer, the figure again spoke, "My God", it said, 'can't you just picture me leading my platoon thru woods like this against those little yellow men? Don't ever tell Colonel Leonard about this."

Carothers

A goodly number of juniors and seniors swarmed into the sophomore eco lecture on Monday morning after the Japanese attack. Just as the visitors had supposed, the Dean forgot about economics for the better part of the class and discussed the present crisis. Best advice was given for the students to remain calm and to continue with their present studies.

Sunday Night

Both Colonel Leonard and the *Brown and White* office were called Sunday night by freshmen to see if they were to wear their ROTC uniforms to classes on Monday.

One advanced ROTC student called another advanced ROTC student to find out if he should report for active duty Monday morning. The Sigma Chi frosh, patriotically inspired, developed an original answer for all phone calls—“Sigma Chi barracks, don’t let the war get you down.”

Our hats are off to several professors who knowing the students would have their ears glued to the radio canceled Monday morning quizzes.

Artist’s Note

The purpose of the drawing of the inside of the chapel is not merely to provide you with a pleasant pattern of light and shadow, but is drawn with the hope that it might awaken in students an appreciation of the structural beauty that is Lehigh.

Cover

Being the Christmas issue, this month’s BACHELOR was scheduled for a Christmasy cover. Due to the unexpected war with Japan, the editors decided the striking shot of the fully outfitted advanced CAA pilot was more appropriate. Apologies to Santa Claus.

The War

Representative (ess) Rankin has GUTS.

Some kiss hot,
Some kiss cold.
Some don’t kiss
Until they’re told.
Some kiss fast,
Some kiss slow.
Those that don’t kiss,
I don’t know.



Christmas Greetings

A welcome addition to these greetings will be a gift, large or small, from Finkelstein’s.

We have a large selection from which you may choose.

Credit gladly extended to all Lehigh men.

B. L. COHEN '36

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Forty-eight more hours, two more days, and then —, but I don't have to tell you how I've been straining to come home. Won't even pack, just throw my books and things into the back seat and press down on that accelerator.

Jane darling.

HE paused a moment and thought. In two days he'd be home again, then he'd be seeing her again. Jane, Jane Martin, Jane R. Martin, Jane. The name made his blood warm a bit. He could see her now, her lips parting in a laugh, her brown hair tangled by a wind which always seemed to mistake it for a pile of autumn leaves. Jane, not that she was so different from other girls, she looked like many others, thought like many others, but for him she stood alone. It wasn't the way her mouth pulled down at one corner and half smiled, it wasn't the way her eyes danced in the firelight; it was because — because she was she.

PAST PERFECT

Funny, he remembered, how he'd met her. One of those tiresome parties where people guzzle rye and consume small crackers, discuss those not present, tell jokes that one has heard four times before, rant on Roosevelt, and then, casually

"Bob, Jane Martin, from Lahemont. Jane, Bob Hendricks."

The usual how-do-you-dos, trivialities of made conversation, discovery of a mutual friend, whom they both admitted later they despised; then someone beating out their version of a swung Chopin prelude on the piano. The final, misplayed chord, everyone murmuring, "Isn't Laura talented. Hasn't she a lovely touch."

"I wish she'd touch the right keys just once," said Bob under his breath.

"It was gruesome, wasn't it," agreed Jane, silent for the last five minutes.

He hadn't meant anyone to hear, but now there was common ground. Conversation traveled from Chopin to Beethoven, to Napoleon, to Hitler, to goose-stepping, to roast goose, to that little place on 45th Street where the food was so good.

When it finally broke up he'd said.

"I'll see you again."

"No doubt."

No doubt precisely. At the moment he knew he was starting on a toboggan, and even if the thing broke up or braked itself into immobility, it was certain he would enjoy the ride.

She seemed to be all he'd ever desired in a girl. Not pretty, but undeniably attractive, well dressed, intelligent, a bit thoughtful, and possessed of a genuine interest in living.

They'd gone together that summer. Down to Jones's; they'd climbed in the monkey cage in the adult playground, gnawed on ice cream cones and watched the divers, danced that evening at the pavilion. When they'd stood in the surf, she'd screamed a little at a mountainous, onrushing wave of green, Atlantic water and sea spume, and gripped his hand a bit tighter.

The stadium on those languid summer evenings. He could still remember how they'd sat, quite close, on the concrete steps, and felt choked and small while the pounding, reiterated chords of Rachmaninoff's C minor Concerto split through the night calling the before silent orchestra into melody. There might have been and were five thousand others there, yet both Jane and he knew without once speaking that those crashing tones spoke directly to them.

"Oh Jane," he thought, "if we could only have another summer — another time to be alive and together." Yet it hadn't all ended with September. Both had gone back to school, but there were letters, they never could remember what they had said, and of course vacation had finally put in an appearance.

The usual turkey football games of Thanksgiving. Then too, they'd gone to see Disney, Stokowski, and technicolor. It gave him rather a turn to notice as the first portion of Stravinsky's music or, as you will, dissonances, heaved to a close that she was crying. No it hadn't frightened her, but emotionally she was worn out; she felt she must give way somehow.

Carl A. Streul, '43

● Fiction ●

Four more weeks and Christmas. The carols, the shopping mob, street corner Santa Clauses with mangy whiskers, the smell of pine, and that box of glass balls he'd stepped on.

"Clumsy," she laughed. "You have done busted all."

"Must be a maroon," he retorted.

Christmas and the rounds; ice skating, egg-nog parties, the sleigh ride they'd taken when the damn sled tipped over, Christmas morning dawn service, a New York musical, Marx brothers driving a train without a track while they howled with joy, Trinity chimes on New Year's Eve, "A Nightingale Sang in Berkley Square," it went round and round like a montage effect in the movies, faster and faster, dizzier and dizzier, Crescendo! — back to school and a week 'til finals.

He lit a Camel. Reverie was supposed to be mentally unhealthy, it certainly didn't do any good. But then, if he could just spend the rest of his life remembering. Last May when she'd driven down to school to see him; a dance, introductions to all the boys, records, and that night they'd sat up on the hill until four. She'd rumpled up his hair, rubbed her hand along his jaw



NEW YEARS' RESOLUTIONS OF A GAG WRITER

Beginning with the New Year, I solemnly swear off writing or telling anymore jokes about Hitler, Mussolini, scotchman, absent-minded professors, paid college athletes, or Fraternity brothers who borrow my clothes.

I will also not have anything to do with jokes beginning thus:

"She was only" or "Waiter, there is a fly in my soup, or "She was so dumb that" or "I know a Freshman who".

There will also be no more dialogue between two fellows that sound as if they are talking about a very, very interesting girl and then in the last line she turns out to be a dog.

There will definitely not be another parody of "Trees".

These resolutions will not be broken under any circumstances—that is unless someone should still be willing to listen or print a gag on these subjects.


They wanted to give her some Tuberculosis seals for Xmas but she refused—She said she wouldn't know how to take care of healthy seals let alone sick ones.

"What happened to that cowboy you married?"

"Oh. he went back to his horse."

"If I kiss you, will anyone be the wiser?"

"That depends on how much you know about kissing now."

PUNGENT PIPE PUTS PA IN PICKLE

—but he's out of the dog house now!



LOOKS LIKE THE FINISH! One wallop and that smelly old briar will be no more! What's the neighbor saying? "Switch to a mild tobacco like Sir Walter."



LOOKS LIKE THE START of a happy ending. Ma's in love with Sir Walter's mellow fragrance. And Pa's delighted with the cool, rich flavor of this burley blend.

**KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE
WITH SIR WALTER**

This NEW Cellophane tape seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



UNION MADE

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anywhere*



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Observe the difference between the rare 200-to-400 year-old imported briar burl (the size of a large pumpkin) and the ten year burl (the size of an apple). The sweet-smoking qualities in the briar are in direct ratio to the relative age of the two briar burls.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
New York and London [In New York
630 Fifth Ave.]

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Senior: Are you sure this is Xmas morning?

Frosh: If it ain't. I washed my socks for nothing.

First Chorine: Writers are wonderful. Look what they can do with only 26 letters.

Second Chorine: Yes, but look what a good lawyer can do with only two or three.

"You say that gambler lost his life in a crap game?"

"Yes, he didn't know they were loaded."

He wanted a liberal education, but his father wouldn't increase his allowance one cent.

Lest modern marvels be forgotten

We must append this little note;
That last spring's field of budding
cotton

Is this Fall's all-wool overcoat.

She: I've been warned against you college boys.

He: You don't have to be afraid of me—I'm an honor student.

"But in my business I can't keep my head above water."

"What's your business?"

"I'm a deep diver."

"How many times a day do you shave?"

"Oh, forty or fifty times."

"Say, are you crazy?"

"No, I'm a barber."

Joe: Have you got a picture of yourself?

Roommate: Yeah.

Joe: Then let me use that mirror I want to shave.

"You look sweet enough to eat,"

He whispered soft and low.

"I am," she said quite hungrily.

"Where do you want to go?"

Farmer: My pigs are all sick and I don't know what to do.

City Visitor: Why don't you smoke them?

Farmer: Smoke them?

City Visitor: Sure, isn't that the way you cure hogs?

"I'll have you understand that I'm related to the Boones."

"Now, I remember. Your grandmother's name was Bab."

"Oh, Doctor Brown!"

"Yes, Dr. Black?"

"I wish you'd give me something: I've got an awful stomach ache."

"Well, you're a doctor—why don't you treat yourself?"

"Not me! I charge too much."

Soph: Those are funny looking socks you've got on. Just get them?

Senior: No. These are the same ones I've been wearing the last three years. I just had half soles and rubber heels put on them.

"Hold on. I've got a bone to pick with you."

Sorry, but I'm not interested in scraps."

"I want to buy my girl a present. What do you think she'd like?"

"Does she like you?"

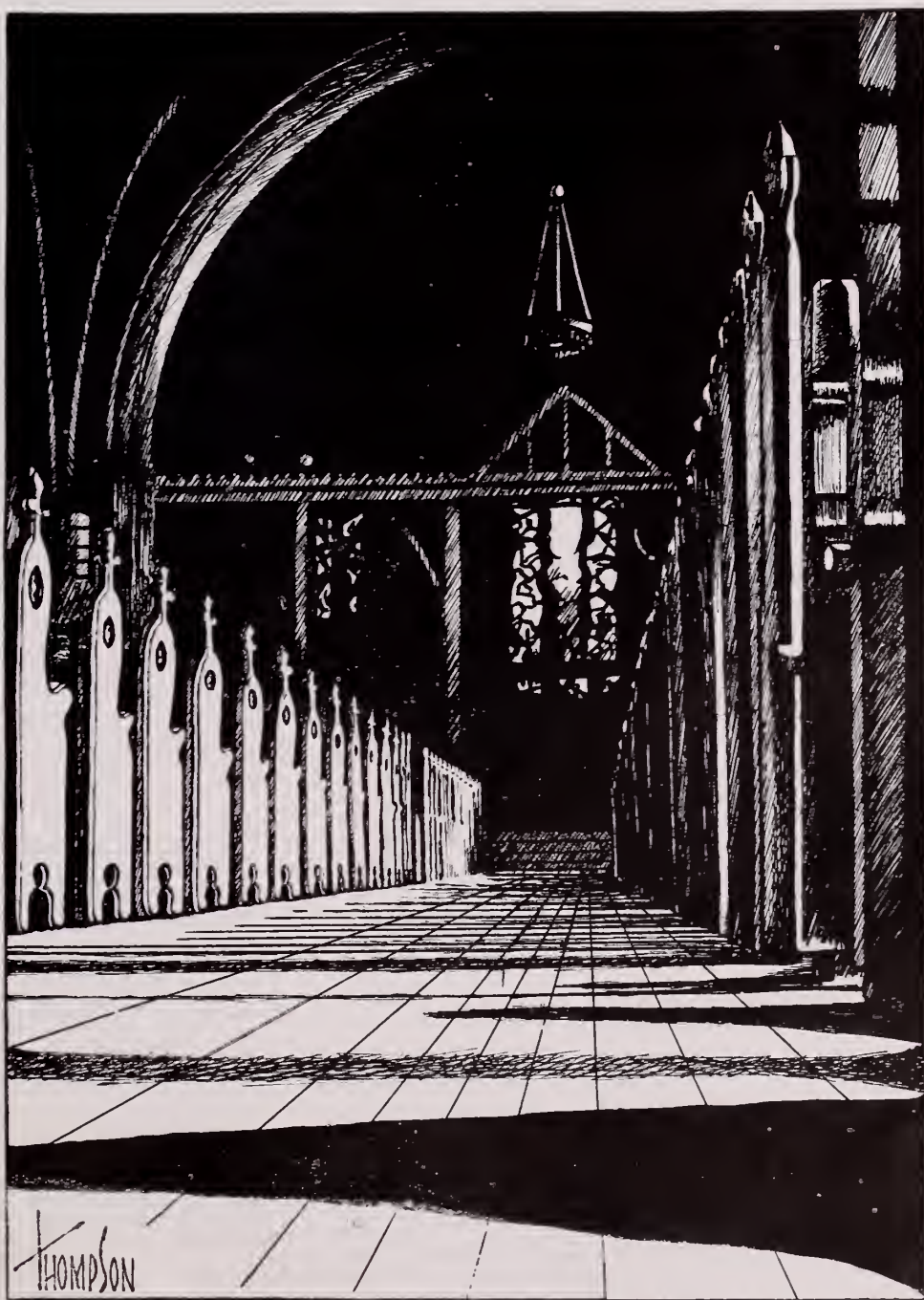
"Oh, yes. I'm positive about that."

"If she likes you, she'll like anything."

When a professor falls in love with a co-ed, she makes A while she can.

"And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light."

Il Peseroso



On National Defense

By Earle W. Wallick, '44

• Satire •

IN this time of great emergency our government has asked each and every American citizen to do his part in our defense efforts. Now is the moment in which we all can prepare ourselves for the time when the USA may need our services. The basic knowledge on the part of the American citizen of a few of the important duties he may be asked to perform at any time must be acquired by each of us. I have endeavored here to point these out with their correct procedure and routine.

I. The Christening of Naval Vessels:

Every day of the week in shipyards all over America, boats are being christened and launched. At the present rate there will come a time when YOU may be asked to do just this: and so that national defense will not be slowed up, here are a few rules to quicken boat christening to speed up our defense work.

1. As boat christener, upon reaching the platform, immediately ask for the bottle of champagne which you are to break a few minutes hence. This eliminates the ever present threat of theft.

2. Every day for two months in advance of the launching inspect dry dock moorings so that boat doesn't slide away during the night.

3. Look bored during all christening speeches so as to make long-winded politicians cease firing and thus quicken defense production.

4. Most important of all is the actual motion in breaking the bottle on the side of the ship. Place bottle firmly in right hand, smile for photographers and let bottle fly with great force and precision at hull. (This must be practiced at home to insure accuracy. You will find that a brick wall as the ship and the neighbors dogs or kids as champagne bottles work amazingly well.)

II. Identification of Spies, Saboteurs and Enemy Agents.

As our country prepares its defense materials with great secrecy, enemy agents from the axis powers are constantly trying to extract vital information and plans from us. Every citizen should be constantly on the lookout for and understand the apprehension of these menaces to democracy. Here are a few simple rules:

1. All short, dark-skinned, accented men (except Mayors of New York) are spies and should be apprehended and reported to FBI.

2. Every postcard, matchbox cover and scrap of paper on the street should be regarded as suspicious, must be dipped in "Dick Tracy's Decoder Fluid," and heated to reveal hidden messages and plans.

3. Time bombs are dangerous.

III. Saving Defense Materials.

There are many materials vital to defense and here is what you can do to save and conserve them:

1. Break every light bulb in the house. If that isn't enough, break every bulb in the city and state. Extract tungsten filament from center of each. As soon as 487,-921 have been collected, paste to the back of a penny post card and mail to Mazda Lighting company.

2. Appoint yourself as a representative of the Save Silk Society in your locality. Wander around the street staring at young girls' legs and as soon as you notice a run, tap said girl on the shoulder, inform her of situation, remove the stocking (as part of the service) from her leg, and send it directly to OPM in Washington.

3. Paper must be conserved. Do you realize that if every newspaper in the United States were laid end to end. Do you realize that if every magazine in the U. S. were laid end to end. Do you realize that if every paper straw were laid end to end. Amazing isn't it. Also you must realize that Sears-Roebuck catalogues have two uses.

IV. The Signing of Foreign Treaties and Documents.

You may be the next to be called upon to represent the United States in the official sealing of a naval or defense treaty. There is a definite procedure that each of us should know, before undertaking this important task.

1. Read treaty over thoroughly, without flinching or heaving at obvious lies.

2. If one has morals (old fashioned principles which really aren't serious and are easily changed) he may cross toes, or fingers, or utter some statement such as "fin haystacks" or 'ad expectio lie-abus" thus removing from him all blame for false promises in document.

Back Way Out

Bill Boore '42

● Fiction ●

MOVING at last. Alternate porters and steel girders flashing past, then only girders. Brief open stretch and then the tunnel under the river. "The Square Wheel Special", Valley's assorted conglomeration of rolling stock is now enroute. There'd been an awful mob of soldiers and their girls in the station. They were lucky to have girls, someone who cared. The Jersey flats, factories, slums, highways, bright lights and neon signs. Newark, holy eats, look at that gal. What a figure! Seat across the aisle is the only one left. Boy, I'd like to know her. Guess I'll just read this *Life* till we stop to change engines, then I'll ask her if she'd like to see it. Car's too quiet while it's stopped, too many people would hear me, I'll wait till we're moving again. If I go get a drink of water she'll notice I'm here. She did look at me. Why do I have to blush so?

Flemington Jet already. That *Life* idea isn't so good. I'll ask her to go to the Club Car with me. That old lady is going to sit in the same seat. Just my luck. Can't do much till she leaves. Why fool ourselves. With all those soldiers we're getting ready to go to war. The Air Corps looks exciting alright. Those bombers are big. I'm glad that spinster got off at Plainfield. Let's see. 'll just say—"Would you like to go to the Club Car with me?" All she can say is yes or no. I'll do it before we get to the tunnel. Here it is now, let's see. "Would you like to accompany me to—?She's leaving. Left her bag, maybe she's going to the Club Car. I don't want to follow right away, go back in a minute. It will be easy to say hello there. Those lights must be Phillipsburg. I'll go back while we lay over in Easton. But I might pass her coming up. They don't serve in Pa. anyway so she'll be coming back for her bag soon. Not here yet, I'll go back and act like I don't know about them not serving. She'll think I'm awful stupid though. Those mills are Bethlehem Steel, I've got to get off. Missed the boat again. Wonder if she's a Cedar Crest girl? Boy, that build get's me. If it hadn't been for that old lady, I bet I'd have met her. Hope I can get a ride to the house. "Hello, this is John. Say, see if someone will come down to the Valley station and pick me up." That girl was a queen. Why is it I can't see a pretty girl without those awful thoughts flashing through my mind? With a decent break I'd have met her. Things like that old lady sitting in the same seat always happen to me. Take for instance being on pro, why if it hadn't been for—

"Hello, yeah? Swell, I'll meet him out front. Thanks, so long." Star on the mountain was on. Lord, what a waste of time and money. Back in the old rut, going home had been a change, but that and the movies were all weekends ever amounted to. Jeez, I need a girl. That little gal had looked plenty interesting, I'll bet lots of fellows would like to date with her. She seemed sort of friendly, like looking at me while I was getting water. If I had only a little more time.

"Hello, Jim. New ear, eh? Lucky devil!"

"Yeh, isn't it a honey? How's the boy?"

"Just ne. Say, I saw a gorgeous brunette on the train. I didn't get to meet her but thought she might go to Cedar Crest. If you're calling Jane tonight see if she knows of anyone coming in on the 10 o'clock train from New York."

I always hate to come back. Those greetings and "How was the weekend?" etc, etc, seem so hypocritical. And how did those guys continually have time for bull sessions like that going on across the hall? Anyway, I've got this damn lab report to get done. Wonder if Jim called Jane? Guess I'll go check on it.

There was Jim, in the booth, wolfishly bent over the phone. Lord, but that intent look was disgusting!

"Say, Jim, did you ask her yet?"

"I'd say she was about 5' 6", brunette, green eyes, and wore a green dress."

"She does ! ! Ohh, she just thinks so? Well, ask her to find out for sure and tell her you'll call tomorrow. Thanks, Jim."

There is satisfaction in getting work done. Every report seems to take longer. Other fellows get to bed at 11 or 12. can't seem to until 2 or 3. Wonder what that will mean when I get out in industry? That's a hollow mockery, advanced Mil will take care of me..

page 17, please



"Here's to Egyptoni, he's true blue."

Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year

TOM BASS
CUSTOM CLOTHES
518 Main Street



"I knew I couldn't trust that Demolay Date Bureau."

The old car rattled down the street and, just when it seemed to be getting into stride, came into a head-on collision with a big, shiny car driven by a woman. The driver piled out, looked over the wreck, then turned to the woman and assumed all responsibility for the accident. "But," he said, "I'm broke and can't pay for the repairs. You may call me anything you want to."

"That would do no good," replied the woman. "I was raised in a good home among refined and cultured people. I do not know the use of profane or indecent language, but I do hope that when you go home tonight your mother runs out from under the porch and bites you."

It seems a young lady visited an insane asylum, and while making the rounds came upon a young man standing in a room completely naked except for a hat perched on his head.

"For goodness sake," asked the young lady, "why are you naked like that? Why aren't you wearing any clothes?"

"Oh," said the fellow apologetically, "I don't wear clothes because nobody ever comes to visit me."

"Why are you wearing the hat then?" she asked.

"Well, somebody *might* come," he answered.

—Exchange

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"Masquerade me eye! That's a Cedar Crest girl."

"WHAT Lehigh needs," the inevitable Omar said the other day, "is more Christmas cheer."

Mr. Quadowitz, at the time, was addressing the monthly gathering of the Quadowitzians; and the other member, Peabody O'Smith, nodded agreement. Peabody was delighted. He knew that Omar was about to embark on some fantastic misadventure, and he was right. So—

'Twas the night before Christmas—vacation, and all over the campus students who weren't at Joe's were restlessly lounging about their houses. Then, up on a rooftop they heard a clatter and dashed to their windows to see what was the matter.

Outlined against the moon, two fingers were perched atop Grace hall. The larger one cupped his hands, and his roar wakened the keeper of the Penny-bridge: "Where's the damn chimney?"

President Williams, Dean Congdon and several other people shrugged their shoulders and returned to their firesides, muttering, "Just that imbecile Quadowitz, again. Ignore him and maybe he'll go away."

But the students in general let out a variety of whoops because they discerned a pack on the roof-dwellers back. They all knew right away what was happening. Good old Rothschild was playin' Santa. So they all clustered around their fire places to await his arrival. Here was their chance to get a good look at the man-wonder and his satellite, Peabody.

All went well for the first part of the trip. Omar and Peabody distributed gifts to the fraternities, dorms, and town houses. They threw packages in all the Trustees' and Faculty member windows, some of which, unfortunately were closed. Then Peabody remembered. "We missed Phi Beta Mu," he cried.

So off they hippety-hopped, way up the mount to where the Phi B M boys sat disconsolately listening to "Elmer's Tune" and moaning that surely Rothschild had forgotten them.

The eo-Santas tiptoed up the side of the house, crept up the slanting roof, and encountered an appropriate chimney. Omar tied a heavy rope around his middle and the other end he gave to Peabody. Then, he climbed into the aperture and began his perilous descent.

Halfway down, as might be expected, the chimney grew more narrow. Omar's beard, pressed against the bricks so that it spread out all over his face, became annoying; and he coughed. Peabody leande down, "You O. K., boss?" Omar couldn't answer. He mumbled. Peabody was worried. He began to wail around and exhibit symptoms of calling for help so Omar gave a tug on the rope to show him that he wanted to be hoisted a bit. That was a faux pas.

Inside the house, the boys were listening to "Any Bonds Today?" and counting pennies when a dull thud

Omar Plays Santa

• Whimsy •

and a succession of muffled cries came to their ears. Being psychic, they knew at once what had happened. "Santa Quadowitz is caught in the chinney," they shrieked. But they didn't know that the jolly old soul had pulled Peabody down with him.

At this point, packages began falling into the fireplace, and some greedy boys rushed to tear them open while others scurried about for implements with which to extricate the wouldn't-be chimney-sweeps. There were vari-shaped boxes of all sizes and colors, and they contained a weird assortment of gadgets: a pogo stick, a snuff box, a ouija board, an autographed photo of Carrie Nation, a box of Wheaties—all sorts of inane articles.

Meanwhile an enterprising Phu B M had reached the roof and was prodding Peabody with a mop handle. "Ee-oo," titered Peabody, "It tickles!" But it didn't move anything. Pokes from below proved useless, too. It looked like there was no solution. Then, Omar dropped a note containing instructions. The boys obeyed.

Rushing to the kiethen, they mixed ingredients from the icebox and dispatched a freshman to the chem lab for other necessities. The ghasty potion was carted to the roof, and when Peabody called "ready" it was poured down the chimney. A rank odor filled the air. Sparks flew in all directions. Women fainted and strong men turned away, as with a gusty roar Omar and Peabody were hurled into the living room and rolled under the Christmas tree.

Unpreturbed to the last, Rothschild clambered to his feet while the brothers vainly tried to glimpse his countenance through the grime and whiskers. Omar scowled.

"Ingrates!" he shouted. "So you don't like my presents! Remember, it's the spirit that counts!"

"Aw, they're OK," whined the boys.

"They are not," said Omar. "I wouldn't take one of 'em on a bet. Just for that you can go jam them up your chimney!"

And with that, The Quadowitzians went out through the window; but Peabody, not trained in impoliteness, remembered to call, "Merry Christmas to all and to all goodnight!"

AMERICA STANDS UNITED

The Bachelor Staff stands united

in wishing you all a

Merry Christmas

and a

Happy New Year

MIDNIGHT VISITOR

● Fantasy ●

PROFESSOR J. Mumford Miggleton is a bookish man. Years of browsing and breathing in the stagnated air of library crypts have withered him into a juiceless frame capped by a head and face as yellowed and dry and crinkly as the parchment pages of his dearly loved tomes.

His was the only light burning in the Lit building so late this particular Friday evening. Dr. Miggleton often stays late in his study to mull over some vague Shakespearian passage for the eminent Oxonian Miggleton is a devoted disciple of the Great Bard.

His treatises on Shakespearian drama are to be found in every university library in the country. He has spent half a century immersed in the minutiae of Elizabethan life so it isn't so strange that now as he nears eighty his old head sometimes becomes confused and he thinks of himself as one of the merry company of the old Globe theatre.

All the students are fond of old Miggles and in his abstract way he is fond of them. But he could hardly be expected to realize the significance of the big game with State and the certainty of defeat with Ignaszewski benched as a result of a flunked Shakespeare exam. The coach had tried to explain it, but Miggles had smiled vaguely and totored off clutching some peeling calfskin book under his scrawny arm.

This Friday evening he was so absorbed in scratching notes in a voluminous notebook that he did not hear the study door open nor the dark, shadowy figure enter. He was not aware of the intruder until his shadow fell across the notebook page.

"Eh—what's this?" said the old man, screwing up his nearsighted eyes to look at his visitor. "Oh, it's you, Prince Hamlet. I hardly expected to see you here."

The melancholy Dane, dressed in his traditional black doublet and hose, smiled wanly at the shrivelled up form of the professor.

"I'm disappointed in you, Miggleton. Very much so." intoned the spectral visitor.

"Eh—and why? What have I done, Prince Hamlet? Haven't I always presented you in a most favorable light? Haven't I always defended your mad—I mean, your name?"

"'Tis not that which concerns me, Miggleton."

"Then, Prince of the Danes, what is it?"

"Your jeopardizing the University's chance of beating State in tomorrow's game."

"I—I did that."

"Yes, by failing Ignaszewski you've made him ineligible to play and without him the team is lost."

"But it's only a game, Prince Hamlet."

"Have you forgotten your youth, Miggleton? Tave you forgotten those glorious days at the Old Globe? Have you forgotten those joyous jousts in the old Cock and the Feather? Have you forgotten your old drinking, carousing cronies—Falstaff, Laertes, Ben Jonson, and old Will himself?"

Miggleton's seamed old face softened. He aimlessly turned a few pages of his notebook. After a minute he looked up at the Dane's stern face.

"Yes, I had forgotten. But never fear, m'lord. Tomorrow morning I'll see the Dean and your Polish friend will be playing. And we will beat State."

The Prince bowed low and with a swirl of his black cape was gone.

The next day Ignaszewski not only played, but scored the winning touchdown.

You might ask me how I know this story. Well, the Friday night in question was the night of the Masked Ball. Of course old Miggles would hardly know that. My date went as Ophelia and I—well, you should be able to fill in the rest.



"Oh you WOULD!?"



Flight

Professor Jackson lectures to the primary CAA class on flight navigation and meteorology. Classes are held three times weekly in the evening in Packard Laboratory.



Brower '42 demonstrates a wind drift problem at the black board. The three-hour classes consist of lectures and individual problem work.



Haft '43 tries out the radio at the weather control board. From here weather reports are given to incoming and non-stop planes.

Theory

(Photos by Buchman)

Glenn Boyer '43 climbs into the cockpit of a Waco Stinson biplane. Piper Cubs are used in the primary course and Wacos, a larger, faster plane, in the secondary course.

Nelson Smith (right), flight instructor, and a student look over a Stinson monoplane. Smith, like the majority of instructors in the country, is a civilian pilot having no connection with the National Government.

This tower at the airport is topped by an anemometer (wind velocity) and a beacon light. The arrow on the left shows the pilot which direction to take off in.





General view of the Bethlehem-Allentown airport. Notice how wind sock atop hanger and arrow on tower point in opposite directions. Planes must take off into the wind.



Art Parsons '43 seated in a Piper Cub used in the primary course. Cubs are light, provide good vision for the beginner, and are easy to handle.

BACK WAY OUT . . .

from page 9

This life here is such an enervating routine. I wish something new or exciting would happen. I wonder if Jane will know the girl. Someday if Bob doesn't stop snoring I'll kill him. She looked sort of sexy.—Good ord, it's still dark. I wish I could sleep as soundly as Bob. I wonder if she goes steady with anyone.—Still isn't light. Dreaming about her the first night must mean something. Maybe she's meant for me. I wish I could sleep. Must be about six, the freshman will wake me soon. I suppose I might as well get up and study. "Let's call up right after dinner Jim, what say? Listen, if Jane has found her, let's go out Saturday night."

Looks like the breaks are coming my way for a change. Don't know what we'll do Saturday, but havin' a date is better than a movie, 'specially her, she'll make the boys sit up and take notice. Wonder if Jane found the same girl, there could have been other brunettes from New York. Oh well, a date is still better than the movies. If only it could be the same girl. It won't be though. things like that don't happen for me. Her hame is Martha, the one I saw didn't look like a "Martha", more like a "Lana" or "Rita", but still—oh hell, this is a vicious eircle. Better hit the books for tomorrow's quiz. I wonder if she expects me to spend much money on her. If it's the same one I saw on the train I won't mind so much.

"She's a nice looking girl, Johnny."

"Nice? She's wonderful! I wish I could dance and talk just a little smoother. Do you think she liked me?"

"She sure seemed to. How'd you make out?"

"What do you mean, I didn't try anything. Jeez, it's only my first date with her. I think I'll call tomorrow and try to date her again."

This must be love. She's always on my mind. I haven't hit a quiz for 3 weeks. But this is life, this is real. I wish she hadn't asked that guy from Lafayette to their dance, but like she said, she couldn't help it, she had to.

I did it last night. Told her I loved her. Felt so foolish but she didn't seem to notice. Said she liked me too and

would even wear my ring if I wanted her to. What do I care if she had to go to Triad with another fellow, she doesn't care for him. Not really that is, not like she does for me. Sometimes she does seem cool though. Everyone seems to kiss their girl but me. Like she says tho she doesn't seem like that type of a girl. Not now that I know her but she looks a lot different.

The bells have been ringing. No engines, no siren? Been ringing a hell of a long time.

"Hey, Bill, what is it, a fire?"

"Dunno, there's an extra on the street. Sent a freshman out for a paper. Here he comes."

U. S. Declares War on Japan

"God, Johnny! !"

Naval hostilities open in the South Pacific. First divisions of A. E. F. embark for unknown destination. President says, "America's defense menaced by monster in the east. Declares the peoples of eastern Asia will be freed from the yoke of tyranny." Stunned silence in Washington and foreign capitals. All R. O. T. C. officers called immediately.

I wish Bill would get the hell out of here. This is the end. Can't he see I want to be alone. I'll tell him, no I'd better not. My date tonite with Martha, can't keep that. Oh, God, this is the last straw. I can see me now in the China hills with Japanese bayonets all around me closing in, or a chunk of cold steel in my gut. Not for me. I'll lose Martha, the one person who understands me. No diploma, 3 years wasted. Survive the war and what? No prospects, no experience, no nuthin'. I'll break my date with Martha.

"Come on Jawn, let's go get some beer. Officially launch war on the almond eyed b - - - - -."

"O K"

I can call her later.—This stuff never did taste good to me, but what the hell. Nothing matters, nothing can. No diploma, the army, leaving Martha, no decent job.

page 18, please

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BACK WAY OUT . . .

from page 17

Just the army. And Martha is the most won—. "Yeh, it's my party. Let's have another pitcher and one scotch and water" Been having too much I guess, I'll ask Bill. "Bill, I been drinkin' too much?"

You don't have to humor me, I know when I'm drunk and when I'm not. Oh, date—gotta date—hurry, hurry must rush—date with Martha. Wunder if what Bill said is true of her. Couldn't be. Sounds true though could all be coincidence. She wouldn't, just wouldn't—damn it all. I'll find out. I'll kiss her too, it's time I did. Out of school, in the army, out of school, in the army, out of school, the army, school, diploma—Japs, all of 'em. She didn't, couldn't, army, in the school, not her,—I'll find out.

You aren't telling me when I've had enuf and when I haven't. I know when to stop, never been drunk yet. Say listen Martha, if you like me like you say you do—Kiss me now, no one will see. Why not? Don't hand me that. Are you going to kiss me or not? Sickening?—I'll show you whether I'm a gentleman or not you little—No. I won't either. You're not worth it. That's it, not worth it, not worth anything, not a damn thing.

"Johnny, don't be a fool, this isn't the right road. Take me back. What are you stopping for? We have nothing to talk about, nothing in common and you're drunk. Now take me home. How can you say that? That isn't true, and even if it were—. Johnny, stop it, don't be a fool. Let me go. Johnny, you're hurting me. Damn you, stay away. Let me go! Please take me back Johnny. You don't know what you're doing. Stop it! stop, please, no—."

Not worth it, not worth a thing. Don't be a fool. Nothing. War, in and out of schools, diplomas, history, armies, Japanese—Damn 'em all. Not worth it. Women, worst of the lot, both worth it, not a thing, not worth nothin'. Don't be a fool. In army, out diploma, in-out and in-out. Like ducks, yes water. That's it, the answer is in and out of water, really there's nothing so ha—.

Collegiate Tragedies Sadden Valley

Miss Martha Andrews, 20, of Cedar Crest College was found dead in an empty lot. She had been strangled to death.

Mr. John Roland, 22, of Lehigh University died by drowning. He had evidently sent his car careening thru the rail and into the Lehigh River on purpose. He is said to have been under mental strain.

Police are trying to trace a possible connection between the tragedies.



PAST PERFECT . . .

from page 4

her face down to his own; one long, long kiss. They hadn't spoken then for twenty minutes. It was like dreaming through your thoughts. She'd known his every feeling, every emotion he possessed. His life was at peace in her presence.

— so it looks like I'll be hoping you'd be waiting to meet me Thursday evening. The Stadium is open again and there's always Jones's and Connecticut. Maybe this time we could have made it up there.

He finished it and signed it, folded it neatly into three parts, slipped it into an envelope and pushed the envelope down into the writing case with the others he'd written to her since the motor accident, shoved the case back into the desk. It needn't be addressed; he never would send it. She could never receive it now. She was dead.

●

●

Puffing and blowing, the young man just managed to get on the platform of the last car as the train left the station.

The middle-aged man in the corner eyed him with scorn.

"When I was your age my lad," he said, "I could run half a mile, catch a train by the skin of my teeth, and yet be as fresh as a daisy."

"Yes," gasped the young fellow, "but I missed this one at the last station."

●

POME

A farmer once called his cow
"Zephyr,"

She seemed such an amiable hephyr.

But when he drew near

She bit off his ear,

And now he is very much dephyr.

—Temple Owl

●



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PLATTER PRATTLE

Robert L. Smith, '43

Count Basie

"King Joe" (Okeh 6475) is a double-sided story of Joe Louis ably told by Paul Robeson, which proves Mr. Robeson can sing the blues with the best of 'em. The biggest kick, however, is Buck Clayton's delicate muted horn in both solo and background work. His masterful style is untouchable, as evidenced by the poor guys who try to copy it. You'll like this disc.

Jimmy Dorsey

"The spirit's Got Me" has the Dorsey crew in solid state. The band gets a tremendous beat, and the brass cuts mightily. Bob Eberle surprises by "preaching" the lyrics in a not-too authentic manner, but the side is a welcome relief from the scad of pops released lately by this band. "Charleston Alley" is nicely done but is not as good as the Barnet recording. Nate Kazebier's nifty trumpet saves the side. Decca 4075.

Duke Ellington

The main show on "Clementine" and "Five O'clock Drag" (Victor 27700) is Rex Stewart, whose magnificent horn spotlights both sides. Both tunes are in medium tempo and are well-arranged. "Rabbit" Hodges and Ben Webster are around too, and the rhythm section gathers no moss under its feet. These sides make it easy to see why the Duke is so far ahead of the rest of the field.

Benny Goodman

Benny's debut on Okeh is the long-awaited "The Earl", which rocks on all sixteen in spite of the fact that no drums are used. Composer Mel Powell rightfully and sensationally hogs the solo work, while Clint Neagly's alto and Benny are heard too. The brass bites as of old, and the band is in a relaxed mood. "Let's Do It" is a double-meaning thing with Peggy Lee doing the vocal, and by this time you know what happens to a song when she gets hold of it. The band kicks, though. Okeh 6474.

Woody Herman

The Herd pulls an Ellington on "Three Ways to Smoke a Pipe" and gets away with it. Weird chord structure, Cappy Lewis' growl trumpet, Neil Reid's plunger trombone, and Herb Haymer's tenor make this an outstanding side. "Don't be Blue, Little Baby, Don't be Blue" is an anemic effort with a lousy Woody vocal. Save your needles for "Pipe". Decca 4076.

Harry James

"Melancholy Baby" (Columbia 36434) is taken at a too-slow tempo, but while not comparable to the Teddy Wilson plater, contains good James work, as well as other points of interest. Arrangement and ensembles are

especially good. Dick Haymes' rich baritone voice steals honors on "My Silent Love", which is pleasant stuff and much better than "Baby".

Glenn Miller - Alvino Rey

Pulling the same stunt that they did with Goodman and T. Dorsey about five years ago, Victor released "Jingle Bells" by Miller and "Santa Calus is Comin' to Town" by Rey on Bluebird 11353. The results are appalling. "Bells" starts out with a ludicrous sleigh-bell sequence and degenerates into vocals by Beneke, the Modernaires, and everybody else. The usual Miller tripe. For a real laugh, however, get a load of the backing, with Rey's twangy guitar and the King Sisters each trying to outsmell the other. It's well worth the extra sixteen cents to get the BG-TD version on Victor 25145.

Guy Lombardo

If you want to get even with the person who gave you that loud tie for Christmas last year, just give him "Memphis Blues" and "Shine" (Decca 4077) this year. While not quite as bad as Guy's classic "St. Louis Blues", "Memphis" is pretty sad stuff. Kenny Gardner handles the vocal in fairly good fashion, though. The coupling is a pathetic affair, with the famed Lombardo Trio lending their off-key voices to Gardner's. The beat on these sides "just ain't".

Charlie Barnet

"Mother Fuzy" (Bluebird 11321) is a well-done re-take of Casa Loma's famous "Black Jazz", with Charlie getting credit for the lift. The band drives plenty, and you'll get a boot of Bobby Burnet's gutty trumpet and Bill Miller's tasty piano. "You Were There" is a solidly-played pop with a better than average Bob Carroll vocal. Benny Goodman

"Caprice XXIV Paganini", which you've heard BG play so much on the air, has finally been released. And it's no different from the radio version, which means it's pretty good. Well-arranged and excellently played. "I'm Here" is a mediocre thing with only Lou McGarity's superb trombone worth a listen. Benny has made a thousand better ones than this. (Columbia 36411.) Columbia would do well to reissue some of Goodman's fine old blue-lable Columbia classics such as "Junk Man", "Love Me or Leave Me", and "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues".

Jimmie Lunceford

The Lunceford powerhouse really gets moving on two of trumpeter Gerry Wilton's originals, "Hi Spook" and "Yard Dog Mazurka" (Decca 4032). Good solos are dished out by Joe Thomas' tenor, Wilson, Trummy Young's trombone, and, if you go for it, Paul Webster's ceiling trumpet. The drive exhibited by this great crew is tremendous. Plenty of kicks on these two sides.

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She—My dad takes things apart
to see why they don't go.

He—So what?

She—You'd better go.

—Pup Tent

All work and no play makes Jack
and lots of it.

"And please, Santa Claus," pray-
ed the co-ed. "fill my stockings as
well as God filled Marlene Die-
trich's".

—Exchange

PLATTER PRATTLE . . .

from page 21

Teddy Powell

Recorded some time ago and only recently released. "Honey" and the oldie "I Used to Love You" (Bluebird 11270) stack up as good stuff. "Honey" is a dreamy, smooth ballad with rich scoring throughout. The platter-mate, while a far cry from the magnificent Lunceford Okeh version, is still plenty fine. The rhythm section moves right along, and Ruth Gaylor does an all right vocal on both.

Artie Shaw

Artie gives a refreshingly modern treatment to the favorite "Beyond the Blue Horizon" (Victor 27641). The Shavian clary and Ray Coniff's muted trombone especially shine. On the backing, "Is it Taboo", the saxes get in a Lunceford groove and stay there while Artie, "Blackie" Auld, and Jack Jenny take solos. On both sides the violins are intelligently applied and the arrangements sparkle.

Teddy Wilson

Columbia should be applauded for its reissuance of one of the brightest of all the gems that Teddy and his all-star recording units waxed for Brunswick, "Warmin' Up" and "Blues in C Sharp Minor" (Columbia 36314), which show Teddy, Chu Berry, Buster Bailey, and Roy Eldridge at their best. "Warmin'" is taken at stomp tempo and gives the soloists a real chance to get off. Big Sid Catlett's effective drumming helps to keep things moving right along. "Blues" is an extraordinary work with Israel Crosby's bassing predominating all through the series of marvelous solos. Eldridge, for once, forsakes his flashy horn to blow some beautiful stuff, and Chu's tenoring is a thrill too. By all means get this disc, even if you have to trade your copy of Sammy Kaye's "Daddy" for it.

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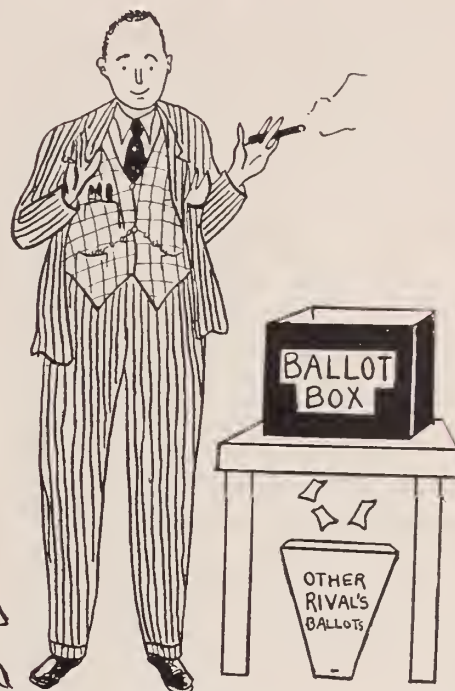


FOR THE Athlete



An electro-magnetic hearing set so that he can hear all the admiring remarks whispered about him by his fans as he strolls majestically by them. This set not only picks up the remarks but also records them for posterity. The athlete can (and will) spend many happy hours playing these records in all his spare time.

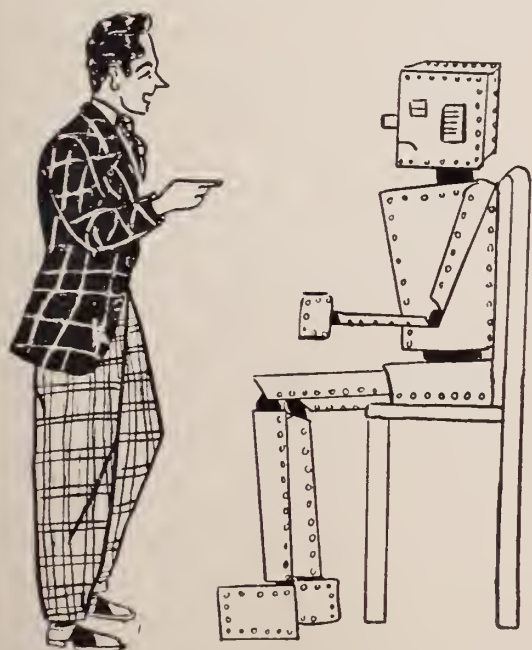
FOR THE Politician



A 'magic-eye' ballot box which mechanically triplicates the ballots cast for him while eliminating his rival candidates' votes. These automatically drop into the waste basket below. With this ballot box, the politician's dream of having the campus as his pearl becomes a reality.

Ideal Christmas Gifts

FOR THE Casanova



A robot, especially designed to sit and listen to the tales of his romantic prowess and conquests, without any possible means of running away on any pretext. Not only does he sit and listen, but, at the proper points of the endless stories, he emits a ribald chuckle or an envious exclamation of admiration. The robot never displays signs of doubt or disbelief.

FOR THE Grind



An especially constructed pair of quattrain-vision glasses to enable him to read four volumes simultaneously. The magnetic rays of the glasses automatically turn the pages as he finishes them, thus permitting him to take his tome-like notes without any hindrances or delay. This will permit him to do four times as much work as before, which was four times as much as anybody else ever did.



"Even the Dean gave me a Christmas gift; he told me I didn't have to come back to school any more."

AND SHE MEANT IT

The gaudy blonde ankled into the glove department and tossed a new pair of gloves which she had received for Christmas on the counter. "They ain't the right size," she complained.

"We will be glad to fit out a pair for you, Miss," said the saleslady.

"I don't like the color, either," continued the blonde.

"There is a great selection of colors. I'm sure you'll find one to your satisfaction," the saleslady replied.

"What's more, I don't like the style," went on the blonde.

The saleslady showed her pair after pair of gloves, but the blonde couldn't be satisfied. "You ain't got a decent pair of gloves in the place," she commented bitterly. "I want my money back."

The saleslady consulted the manager. "Well, Miss," the manager said, "I guess we'll just have to give you a refund."

"Oh, no you don't!" replied the blonde in a firm voice. "I want my money back!"

ACID TEST

If you intend to send any Christmas gifts by parcel post, you will save yourself and the postal clerk a good deal of time by testing your package right at home to see if it "will carry all right."

Wrap your gift in ordinary brown paper and tie it with heavy string or cord. About twenty three times around should do the trick.

Now take a pen that leaks and write the name and address directly on the paper, taking care to punch a few holes as you write.

When this is finished begin the following tests, designed by experts to be as near as possible to what the bundle will go through on its merry way:

- Grab it and shake it vigorously yelling "What's in it?"
- Toss it down the hall to an imaginary Joe who will miss it.
- Jab a carving knife into the package and fling it on top of the bureau, then fling the bureau on top of the parcel.
- Now slide the parcel down the hall and walk towards it. When you get up to it trip over it violently and give it a lusty boot.
- If you still have some strength left, draw a wet rag across the name and address.

Seven years hard luck is another trick done with mirrors.



"He ate it all already. I don't know how much to charge him."

ON NATIONAL DEFENSE . . .

from page 8

3. Wait until envoy from foreign country leaves room before breaking treaty, or at least give them a chance to reach cable office, so that both sides may have even start at the double-crossing.

4. Such treaties are made in secret and should be shown to only a limited number of newspaper reporters, radio announcers, foreign press correspondents, and and only to registered alien spies.

V. International Law:

We should all be acquainted with the laws governing nations, so that we may not be picked up by Gestapo or Royal Mounted Police for minor infractions. Here are the more important rules applying to international conduct.

1. All wars must be officially declared at least ten days after they over.

2. No civilians, except men, women and children, shall be bombed, gassed or machine gunned.

3. All Americans, Britains, Australians, and Russians are good guys; all Germans, Italians, and other stupid individuals are bad guys.

VI. The Draft and You:

Uncle Sams needs YOUR support in his army and here are the reasons why you should be happy when your number is called.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

If you are unfortunate enough to be rejected here is what you can do to serve your nation.

1. Don't tell anybody your system for beating the draft.

2. Jack up the moral of the girls left behind with little remarks of encouragement like: "Don't worry, you'll probably be able to identify his body" or "Oh, well, there are plenty of fish in the sea."



Rastus had been arrested for speeding. This was his fifth offense, and as he was presented to the Judge, he muttered darkly under his breath. It sounded suspiciously like an oath.

"Repeat that!" thundered the Judge.

"Ah didn't say nothin'" begged Rastus.

"You did say something and I want you to repeat it!"

"All Ah says was God am de jedge, God am de jedge."

Grub or Food

GRUB fills and is cheap,

FOOD nourishes and is economical.

One may feel full after meals on grub and still suffer from malnutrition. Food yields health, vigor and efficiency.

Dining tastes often mark the cultured man. College education should relate to standards of dining as well as to standards of thinking.

FOOD expertly prepared, appetizingly served, and reasonably priced; table service at dinner with no additional charge; dormitory sections may reserve tables for their members, at the

Lehigh Dining Room
Lamberton Hall

Get Your Gifts in the SUPPLY BUREAU

Give something "Lehigh" this year

No need to wait until you get
home to buy something for
HER or the family.

Save yourself time, headaches,
and money in the

THE SUPPLY BUREAU

Alumni Memorial Building

“What’s your name?” the store manager asked the young applicant for a job recently.

“Ford,” replied the lad.

“And your first name?”

“Henry.”

“Henry Ford, eh?” remarked the manager with a smile. “That’s a pretty well known name.”

The boy looked pleased. “Yes, sir, it ought to be,” he replied proudly. “I’ve been delivering groceries around here for two years now.”

—Tiger

Bethlehem National Bank

OFFERS ITS BANKING
FACILITIES TO THE
STUDENTS OF LEHIGH UNIVERSITY

Member of
Federal Reserve System

Member of
Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

THIRD and ADAMS

POLITICS — WHY NOT? . . .

from page 1

ing and swapping and influencing can never be stopped by laws, no matter how drastic they are. It is part of man to bargain and attempt to impress his ideas and thoughts upon others. Why not bring politics out into the open and have a system of open campaigning at Lehigh? Before you throw your hands up in disgust, think for a moment about the advantages of an Elections Week at Lehigh.

I feel that the various officers should be both nominated and elected by the students with as little possible influence from the faculty. For a period of a week before elections, students should be allowed to petition for the various offices. The candidates would receive petitions from a governing body and would be required to obtain the names of at least 10 per cent of their classmates in order to appear on the ballot. These petitions would be issued on a Monday morning and must be returned by the following Thursday afternoon. The names of the various candidates would be printed in the Friday issue of the *Brown and White* and a period of open campaigning would follow until Monday morning at eight o'clock when the polls would open and the actual voting would take place. The only limitations on the campaigning would be in the way of expenses. No candidate would be permitted to cut classes during this period. A general meeting of the whole school would be held Friday night in Grace Hall and at that time all candidates would be given a chance to introduce themselves and make any remarks they wish.

By this plan the leaders of a class would be separated from the rest and this period of electioneering would permit each candidate to make himself known. In this way a man would have a chance to make up his mind concerning his choice of officers and by seeing them in action he would be able to judge for himself whether or not the man is worthy of the job. It would give all students a chance to see just what sort of a man they are voting for—whether he is just a “brain” and an activities man or whether he is capable of handling himself in front of a crowd. The candidates powers of organization and planning would be apparent from his campaign. In this manner we could more nearly tell whether the candidate is merely a figurehead or is a true leader.

Some will say that the plan is based upon too much politics. Frankly, the plan is so designed that the best politician wins. True, the ordinary student may be influenced by others, but after all, isn't he going to be buffaloes all of his life? Perhaps if he realizes this soon enough he will attempt to rise above the others and develop whatever powers of influence and persuasion he has within himself. Why shouldn't a man who has ability along the lines of persuasion be given a chance to prac-

tice and develop these talents? It is far better that we elect leaders who know how to speak well and who know the art of being a leader rather than men whose record on paper is imposing but whose ability to get along well with others is rather doubtful. It is not the purpose of this article to dismiss all scholars and activities men as bookworms and antisocial; rather it is my purpose to plead for a system of elections that will guarantee the choice of true leaders.

This system will permit the open formation of coalitions, true. But isn't it better to have politics out in the open rather than politics that are built upon evasion of laws? Why not permit the candidates to vie among themselves for the approval of a majority of their classmates? Is it wrong for a leader to use his abilities? Why not give these men a chance to practice their talents along the lines of organization and persuasion?

Our whole way of living is based upon politics and upon the men who have exercised their ability to lead. Surely one of the most important parts of the education of a young man should be practical experience in this field. Scholars and activities men are given ample chance to prove their special abilities and the University has gained immeasurably by the records of these types of men. Newtonian, Phi Eta Sigma, and Phi Beta Kappa all serve to encourage students to greater achievements. Their rewards are rich, and justly so. In the same manner, Cyanide, O. D. K., Brown Key, Tau Beta Pi, and

"FELLOWS"

To You . . .

A Pleasant Vacation

To Yours . . .

The Season's Best Wishes

Be Seeing You

Joe

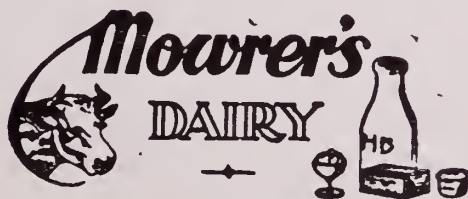
many other honorary societies reward men who have given their time and special abilities for the good of the University and the other students. Under the present system of elections, class officers are almost a farce and an empty honor. This is because the manner of elections places little responsibility upon the office holder. A man who has won a job through his own efforts and because he has shown more ability than his competitors will get much more satisfaction and honor from his position than a man who was elected merely because his name was placed up for nomination through the efforts of someone else.

Let's do something about it!

Drink Golden Guernsey Milk

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Wants To Be Your Milkman

ICE CREAM *FOR ALL
OCCASIONS*



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•

"What's your name?"

"Mary."

"No, I mean your full name."

"It's Mary—empty or full."

•

LEAD ME TO HIM!

"I've a friend I'd like you girls to meet."

Athletic Girl—"What can he do?"

Chorus Girl—"How much has he?"

Literary Girl—"What does he read?"

Society Girl—"Who are his family?"

Religious Girl—"What church does he belong to?"

Sorority Girl—"Where is he?"

—*Rammer-Jammer*

•

Men are peculiar, just as women have long suspected. For instance, a fellow who hadn't kissed his wife in five years, shot a fellow who did.

—*Duke Duke 'n' Duches*

•

Host—That whiskey, sir, is 20 years old!

Guest—Rather small for its age, don't you think?

—*Harvard Lampoon*

•

Ta' hell with the expense! Give the canary another seed.

—*Exchange*

•

Xmas present

For that suave touch, that extra touch, that little extra
something, include with your gift to . . .

- the one and only
- the one of quite a few
- your brother
- your favorite uncle, aunt, sister, mother, father,
niece, nephew or what have you . . .

THE REMAINING FIVE ISSUES OF THE Lehigh BACHELOR

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JOHN D. SMITH, Phi Sigma Kappa

ALBERT R. TUCKER, Sigma Phi

With MAUREEN O'HARA
it's Chesterfield for Christmas
She is appearing in the
20th Century-Fox Production
"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"



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It's Chesterfield

*Here are your Milder Better-Tasting
Chesterfields again . . . in the most attractive, up-to-the-
minute Christmas gift package of the year.*

Buy them for the folks at home . . . send them to your friends
and don't forget to mail them to the boys in the Service.

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